

[George Richmond]

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George Richmond:

"I was just tellin' Davis, here, he better read Governor Baldwin's speech in this mornin's paper. He's got the right idea. Says we gotta go back to the pay as you go system. You better read it, Davis."

Mr. Davis: "Sure. I better read it. It'll do me a lotta good, I know it will. Give me a lotta now ideas. Listen, George, I got better things to do with my time than sit around here readin' a lotta newspaper speeches. My job is to sell gas and oil, and readin' speeches don't help me out any. You wanta know what I think of Governor Baldwin? I don't think he's so hot, I don't think he got any right to be makin' speeches till he accomplishes somethin' himself. What's he done, anyway?"

Mr. Richmond: "What's he done? Why, he's cuttin' down expenses, ain't he? He's cuttin, down on waste and extravagance."

Mr. Davis: "I don't know. Is he?"

Mr. Richmond: "Sure he is."

Mr. Davis: "He ain't a leader, the way I look at it. He don't seem to be able to control that bunch of windbags over at the capitol. And lookit the mess he made of those car inspections. Boy, that idea of havin' the state cops do it was what you call a stinker.

Mr. Richmond: "What's the matter with havin' the state cops do it? They could do it just as good as the other lads, couldn't they?"

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Mr. Davis: "That ain't the idea, George. The way they had it lined up, a cop could stop a fella any time he felt like it and tell him to go have his car inspected. Suppose a fella was on his way to work, or in a hurry to get somewhere. He wouldn't wanta take an hour off to get his car inspected. And some-a them state cops like to show 2 their authority, too. You know Sunderland, the state police commissioner, he's quite a friend of the boss, and he stopped in here one day not long ago, and he was tellin' the boss how one-a these rookie cops stopped him for some reason or other. The cop says to him, 'Lemme see your license, and hurry up about it,' Tougher than hell, you know. Sunderland took his time about gettin' it outa his pocket, and the cop began givin' him hell. Well, when he looked at the license, he damn near dropped. 'Geez,' he says, 'you're the commissioner.' Sunderland says, 'that's right.' The cop says, 'Geez, I's sorry I stopped you.' Sunderland says, 'that's all right,' he says, 'that's your job. But,' he says, 'I wanta tell you one thing. I didn't like your tone at all,' he says. 'You fellas are supposed to be gentlemen,' he says. 'Even if a man is violatin' the motor vehicle laws,' he says, 'you can handle him with common politeness. The idea is to give people a pleasant impression of the state police as far as possible. Remember it's the public that's payin' your salary.'"

Mr. Richmond: "Well, he ain't commissioner any more, is he? Hickey is commissioner ain't he? If they stop him now, I bet they give him a ticket."

Mr. Davis: "He's a nice fella, Sunderland is."

Mr. Richmond: "This Hickey's a good man. Look at the record he's got. He knows police work."

Mr. Davis: "Yes, he oughta make a good commissioner."

Mr. Richmond: "That's the first good word I ever heard you say about a Republican."

Mr. Davis: "I ain't got nothin against the Republicans, George. [If?] a man's good, I's the first one to admit it, I don't care whether he's a 3 Republican or a Democrat or a Holy

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Roller. The Republicans are all right. They'll give you a hod fulla ashes for a hod fulla coal every time."

Mr. Richmond: "Ah"—what's the use of talkin, to you. I think I'll go over and see the shoemaker." He leaves.

Mr. Davis: "I wish that old guy would stay outa here. A coupla more months and I'll be as big a grouch as he is.